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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THREE POEMS

THE BELOVED

You are my holy city, my beloved;
Dark as Jerusalem and bright as Rome.
The gates of you are opened generously
To take the prodigal home.

What foreign towns I knew have never dimmed
The burning memory of your altar-fire;
My backward-hungering heart has always heard
In other songs, your choir.

I kiss your lips and dream of Lebanon!
You are my living Zion; and I rest
Here in the temple of your body's grace,
Beneath the white wall of your breast.

CONQUEST

You have not conquered me—it is the surge
Of love itself that beats against my will;
It is the sting of conflict, the old urge
That calls me still.

It is not you I love—it is the form
And shadow of all lovers that have died
That gives you all the freshness of a warm
And unfamiliar bride.

Louis Untermeyer

It is your name I breathe, your hands I seek;
It will be you when you are gone.
And yet the dream, the name I never speak,
Is that that lures me on.

It is the golden summons, the bright wave
Of banners calling me anew;
It is all beauty, perilous and grave—
It is not you.

END OF THE COMEDY

Eleven o'clock, and the curtain falls.
The cold wind tears the strands of illusion;
The delicate music is lost
In the blare of home-going crowds
And a midnight paper.

The night has grown martial;
It meets us with blows and disaster.
Even the stars have turned shrapnel,
Fixed in silent explosions.
And here at our door
The moonlight is laid
Like a drawn sword.

Louis Untermeyer